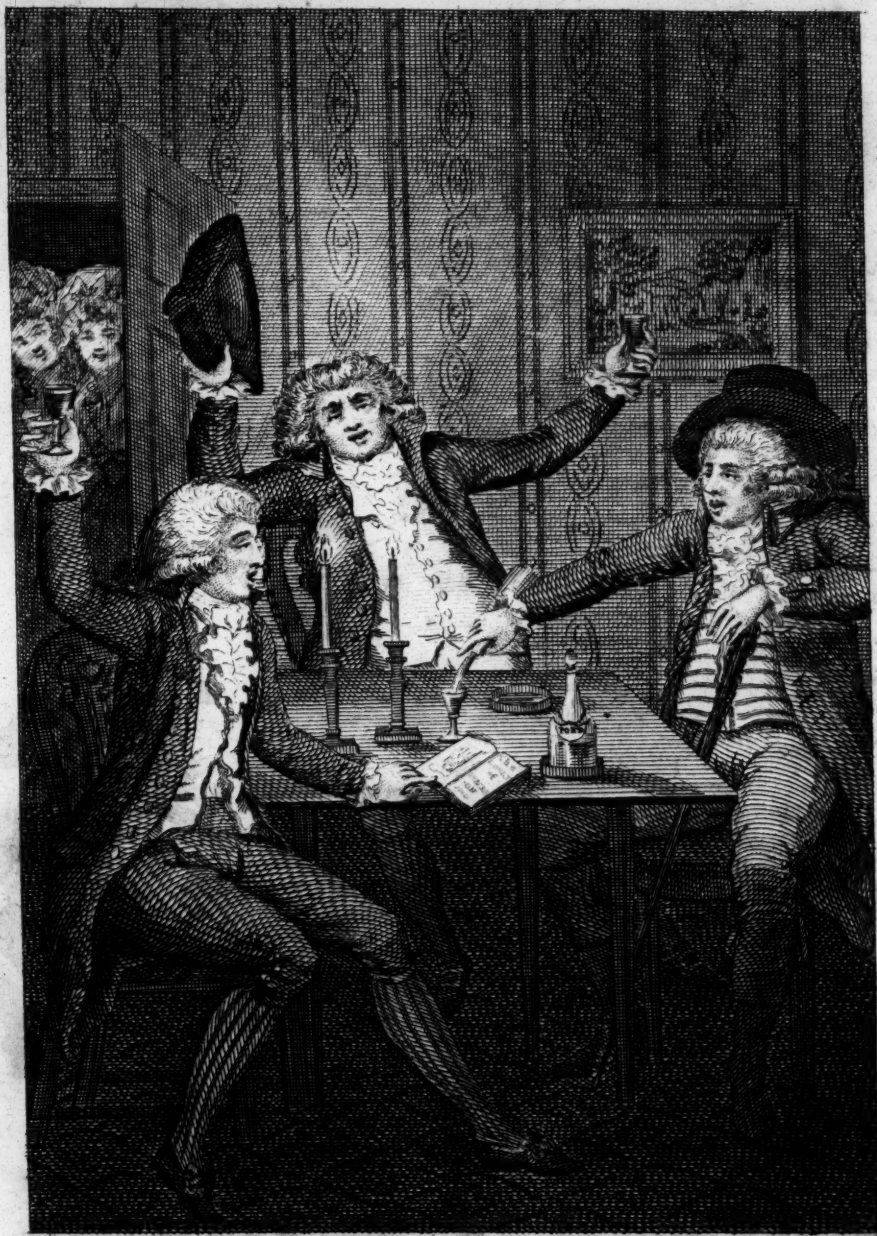


FRONTISPIECE.



The New Club.

BUCK'S
PILLS TO PURGE
(FOR 1799.)

BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION OF COMIC
SONGS,
BY THE
GREATEST WITS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

To which is added, a Collection of
NEW TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,
Written on purpose for this Work.

LONDON:
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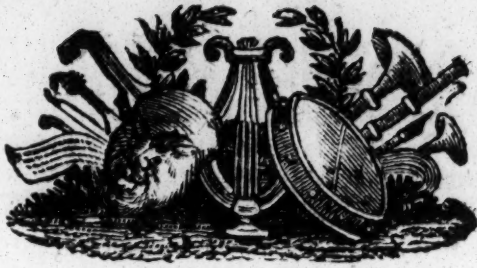


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T H E

BUCK'S DELIGHT.

I RANG'D THE BANKS OF TWEED

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. ANDERSON.

AS forth I rang'd the banks of Tweed,
One summer's morning early,
I met young Jemmy in the mead,
Who long had lov'd me dearly.
He cried—Dear Kate, to kirk let's go,
Why should we longer tarry,
I thought it dang'rous to delay,
Though oft I've heard my mother say,
Think well before you marry.

Young Jemmy promis'd to be kind,
And I, alas! consented;
But vows too oft are like the wind,
For soon we both repented.
For ere the honeymoon was past,
My point I could not carry,
I thought of mither's words at last,
And rued the day I hied so fast,
Across the mead to marry.

Tell me, ye wives, what must I do,
 To gain young Jemmy's favour,
 I once enjoy'd content, but now,
 I fear 'tis fled for ever;
 Ye lasses be advis'd by me,
 Grieve not if long you tarry,
 And when a youth makes love so free,
 Mind what my mither oft told me,
 Think well before you marry.

THE ST. MARTIN'S VOLUNTEERS.

Sung by Mr. DIGHTON at Cumberland Gardens.

IN times like these—pop, cut, and slash—this raonstrous-
 fighting age, Sirs;
 When shoulder, fire, and face about, is every where the
 rage, Sirs;
 When Britons arm in Britain's cause—what foes can make-
 us yield, Sirs?
 And where's the lads more loyal than St. Martin's in the
 Fields, Sirs?
 Then merry be the lads, who fight for Commons, King,
 and Peers, Sirs,
 And may prosperity attend St. Martin's Volunteers, Sirs.
 Though not alike in shape or size, our sentiments agree,
 Sirs,
 Should Frenchmen doubt our patriot zeal, e'en let them
 come and see, Sirs;
 And though we're sometimes strangely group'd, yet none
 will this oppose, Sirs;
 That if we've not well match'd ourselves, we well can
 match our foes, Sirs.
 Then merry be, &c.

We've bankers, lawyers, doctors, shoemakers, and bakers,
Sirs,

We've taylors, hosiers, glovers, painters, smiths, and undertakers, Sirs ;

And many more, whose praise aloud shall Britons chearful
sing, Sirs,

Who stand protectors of their wives, their children, and
their king, Sirs.

Then merry be, &c.

The lawyer folks should lead the *van*; for not to speak too
large, Sirs,

All know, who've seen a lawyer's bill, they're not afraid
to *charge*, Sirs ;

I'm sure in each engagement, they wou'd ever foremost be,
Sirs,

And twenty actions in a day, would suit then to a T, Sirs,
Then merry be, &c.

The doctors they will prime them well with powder, ball,
and pill, Sirs,

And well they know that eight in ten they're always sure
to kill, Sirs,

Their mortars they will keep well charg'd with such good
things as they know best,

And draught them oft for t'other world, and send them
quietly to rest.

Then merry be, &c.

We've bakers who would ring a *peal*, till foes cried—*Fire*
and *faggots*, Sirs ;

And cheesemongers, those *mighty* men, would make 'em
skip like *maggots*, Sirs ;

Our taylors would their *jackets trim*, our barbers bring
their *poles* out, Sirs ;

Our shoemakers would *peg* and *strap*, and knock their
very *soles* out, Sirs.

Then merry be, &c.

Then, let us fill, be this our toast—May England long be
free, Sirs,

And ever in the glorious cause, her sons united be, Sirs :
May he who'd break the social band, that links us to each
other, Sirs,

Be banish'd from Old England's shore, and forc'd to seek
another, Sirs.

Then merry be, &c.

YOUNG WILLIAM.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON at Covent-Garden Theatres.

YOUNG William was a seaman true,
The darling of the bonny crew;
For blythe he was, and kind ;
For, though no lagging lubber he,
Right loth he was to go to sea,
For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,
Her father had much store of wealth,
Of Will he would not hear ;
Till cruel chance at length reveal'd,
The passion they so long conceal'd,
And William lost his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
A ruffian gang the youth assail'd,
'Twas done by cursed gold ;
The tender for the offing stood,
The cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,
They hatch him in the hold.

She troubled walks the beach in haste,
And troubled look'd the wat'ry waste,
And by the floating wave,
A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,
'Twas William ! and with tears they bore,
Two lovers to the grave.

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

Sung by Mr. TOWNSEND, in the Mouth of the Nile.

WRITTEN BY T. DIBDIN.

WHEN the world first began, and some folks say
 before,
 As old Neptune was quaffing his grog at the Nore,
 He cried out, in his cups, as my land is the sea,
 It's high time to consult what its colour shall be.

Amphitrite had been to drink tea at Shéerness,
 And had seen at the barracks, a captain's spruce dress;
 To her Husband she said, as she flitted her fan,
 Let its colour be red, do now, that's a dear man.

Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a frown,
 When his taylor call'd on us, with some patterns from
 town;
 He still was in doubt, till he cast up his eye,
 And resolv'd that the ocean should match the bright sky.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
 As it wash'd our white cliffs, bore a fine azure hue,
 'Till the laurel of Britain, victorious was seen,
 To reflect on its surface, and change it to green.

You may guess our opposers were sad at the sight!
 As the sea grew more green, why Monsieur grew more
 white:

And they never behold it, but vex'd at the view,
 They scold at poor Neptune, and cry out, *Mor bleu*.

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys,
 Who o'er its salt surface thro' danger and noise,
 With Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson maintain,
 That the tight little Island still governs the main.

ADMIRAL NELSON.

Sung by Mr. T. DIBDIN, in the Same.

NOW listen, my honeys, awhile if you please,
 And a comical story I'll tell soon,
 Of a tight little fellow well known on the seas,
 And his name it was Admiral Nelson.
 I'm sure you have all of you heard of his fame,
 How he fought like the devil wherever he came,
Spoken.) And may be the Dutch, Spaniards and French
 won't, well, then they won't,
 Have plenty of cause to remember the name
 Of my tight little Admiral Nelson.
 They'll have plenty, &c.

His arm having lost at that damn'd Teneriffe,
 Never mind; says he, I shall get well soon;
 I shall catch 'em one day, as you see, lads, and if
 They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson.
 To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
 For I've left 'em my hand as a pledge of my word;
Spoken.) And so he did, faith, arm and all, and good security it was, for you know, the old proverb says,
 That one hand in the bush is worth two in the bird,
 So, success to brave Admiral Nelson.
 That one hand, &c.

At length, by my faith, it wou'd make the dead smile,
 Just to hear what Sir Horace befel soon,
 The French took a trip to the Banks of the Nile,
 To make work for brave Admiral Nelson.
 Arrah, faith, he fell in with them close by the land,
 And he stuck in their skirts as you'll soon understand;
Spoken.) And, faith, the Devil himself would have laugh'd,
 To see how he lather'd the French with one hand,
 O! the world for brave Admiral Nelson!
 To see, &c.

On the First of sweet August you know that's the day,
 As the boatmen of London can tell soon,
 When for coats and for badges they all row'd away,
 Little thinking of Admiral Nelson!
 Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
 That its mem'ry with Britons will never go past.

Spoken.) And every First of August, while the health of
 Nelson floats on the glass, the liquor shall be enrich'd
 with a tear. to the memory of the brave fellows who fell
 on the occasion, and come as many First of Augusts as
 there will.

There's no First of August can e'er beat the last,
 When the French struck to Admiral Nelson.
 There's no First, &c.

I'M AS SMART A LAD.

Sung by Miss Sims. in the Same.

WRITTEN BY T. DIBDIN.

I'M as smart a lad as you'd wish to see,
 I love all the girls, for they all love me,
 And between you and I—but it's all very well,
 For you know it isn't fair to kiss and tell.
 Or else, why, lud, no lass in town,
 Or dark, or fair, or black, or brown,
 But wou'd take my hand, indeed 'tis true,
 And give me a kiss, when she'd laugh at you,
 I'm a pretty fellow, see and believe me now,
 I'm a merry little lad, nay, besides I vow,
 That, tho' praised by the lasses, great and small,
 I'm lov'd by your Susan best of all,

Nay, nay, good Sir, ne'er look so bluff,
 The reason why, is plain enough.
 I dance, I fence; ha! ha! see there,
 And cock my hat en militaire:
 Yet, if you're vex'd about your Sue,
 Tho' she loves me as well as she can love you,
 Why, sooner than plant in your breast a dart,
 I'll give up her hand with all my heart.
 I'm a pretty, &c.

VICTORY PROCLAIMS HER TRIUMPH.

Sung by Mr. INCLETON in the Same.

WRITTEN BY T. DIBDIN.

AH! think when hostile fleets prepare,
 The dreadful line to form,
 When sullen murmurs thro' the air,
 Forebode the martial storm;
 See expectation hold her breath,
 And now the iron mouths of death,
 Prepare to open wide.
 The word is giv'n—Hark! hark! they fire!
 See Ocean's self appall'd, retire;
 His sea-green robe, with purple badges dyed:
 At length 'tis done, the conflict o'er,
 Silent awhile, the Chiefs survey,
 The dreadful relics of the fray;
 Till victory,
 With joyful cry,
 Proclaims her triumph to the neighb'ring shore.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in Cambro-Britons.

WRITTEN BY J. BOADEN.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by?
 Says Paddy—But few play this music, can you play?
 Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:
 He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak;
 With a faralla laralla loo; och! hone, how he handled the
 drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted
 the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows,
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my cloaths.
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose.
 So I follow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
 Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,
 With my faralla laralla loo; how sweetly he handled the
 drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted
 the heart of a stone.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,
 'Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup,
 I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
 O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?
 He was dead as a nail in a door,
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself.
 With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got the
 knack,
 To play faralla laralla loo, ay, and bubaroo didaroo whack.

THE SUN WAS SET.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the Same.

THE sun was set, the night was grey,
 When Gwyneth at the cottage door,
 Saw Howell push the boat away,
 And slowly leave the black'ning shore;
 Long had he lov'd the beauteous maid,
 She bless'd him with an equal flame;
 They waited but the church's aid,
 To make them one in heart and name.

At morrow's dawn she sought the coast,
 She ran, she climb'd a stranded wreck:
 She shrunk at what she might have lost,
 And sunk upon the slippery deck.
 She call'd him in his wat'ry grave,
 An answering cry her soul alarms;
 A sailor struggled through the wave,
 And Howell caught her in his arms.

WHEN THE RUDE VOICE OF WAR.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the Same.

WHEN the rude voice of war I no longer shall hear,
 And my Cadwall's restor'd to the arms of his dear,
 To the harp will I sing at our cottage turf'd door,
 And my Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no more.

To our parent, to good Shenkin, the blythe ballad I'll
 troll,

'Twill be thankful, 'twill be grateful, oh! 'twill flow from
 the soul!

There's no peasant, there's no monarch, can than me be
 more blest,

By good Shenkin still protected, by my Cadwall carest!
 When the rude voice, &c.

FINE LONDON TOWN.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at Vauxhall.

COME lads and lasses round me throng,

I'll tell you where I've been;

And so you do'na flout my song,

I'll tell you what I've seen:—

I've been 'mongst shoals of good and bad;

Full portion of the latter;

Where men are oft a little mad,

And women near the matter:

In truth I've been a silly clown,

Who wou'd trudge up to London town,

Oh! fine London town.

Dear me, what sights I saw, when there!
 So droll they run their rigs,
 The men have little shocks of hair,
 The ladies—curly wigs;
 Thinks I—'Feggs! what mun this be call'd?
 What wonders fashion hatches,
 When beaux are seen all over bald,
 And belles all over scratches;
 Then who but I, a silly clown,
 Wou'd venture up to London town,
 Oh! strange London town.

Our neighbour Hodge I chanc'd to meet,
 And he wou'd make me stop;
 Says he—Come wi' me down the street,
 I'll shew thee such a crop:
 And so I thought, 'twas corn that grow'd;
 But hang him for a joker;
 What think you was the crop he show'd?
 A little fat Jew broker.
 Now, who but such a silly clown,
 Could thus be jeer'd in London town,
 Oh! sad London town.

So then I went to call on Nan,
 Who came to town last year;
 Thinks I—I'll catch her if I can,
 In all her Sunday geer:
 But soon I took me out of doors,
 Her hands, her feet were mocking,
 Or cas'd with worsted on all fours,
 She seem'd one piece of stocking.
 Again I was a silly clown,
 For staring thus thro' London town,
 Oh! rare London town.

One thing I saw that cheer'd my heart,
 And you'll in this agree—
 I mean that glow in every part,
 Of British loyalty:
 Both rich and poor, and great and small,
 Revolt at revolution;
 And bravely rally, one and all,
 Round England's constitution.
 So I'll no more sit lazy down,
 But volunteer like lads in town,
 Oh! brave London town.

PATENTS ALL THE RAGE.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN at Covent-Garden Theatre.

IN every clime, and at every time, some fashions have
 had sway,
 And curious, strange, and simple things, by turns have had
 their day,
 No wonder then in this great town, in such a polish'd age,
 Sir,
 When art and genius are combin'd, that patents are the
 rage, Sir.

Bow wow wow.

Our cloaths and physic, and our food, with many queer
 utensils,
 Must all be mark'd with patent stamps, like warming-pans
 and pencils,
 In mentioning the various arts you'll think I'm ringing
 changes,
 We've jacks and grates, and kitchens too, and also kitchen
 ranges.

Bow wow wow.

We have patent fleecy hosiery will open every pore;
 And such ills as gout and rheumatism, soon kick out of
 door,
 We've also pills to cure or kill, perfumes to please your
 noses,
 With lozenges and currant drops, and Warren's milk of
 roses.

Bow wow wow.

In Paternoster-row we have a patent book of knowledge,
 What pity 'tis no more infus'd among our blades at college;
 Then by patent they could preach or pray, and wisdom
 never lacking,
 Would shine like boots and shoes well black'd by Bailey's
 patent blacking.

Bow wow wow.

We've a patent urn, and a patent churn, with candlesticks
 and snuffers,
 But some are rude enough to call the inventors only puffers.
 Tho' in execution weak, now to prevent domestic wrangle,
 The men may get the washing up with patent mill and
 mangle.

Bow wow wow.

Was Phaeton now with the sun to run his course again, Sir,
 With patent harness, wheels, and whip, divinely made by
 men, Sir,
 His day's work he with ease may do, guide the sun safe to
 bed, Sir,
 And light the world with patent lamps to shine forth in its
 stead, Sir.

Bow wow wow.

Lord Chesterfield said to his son—Mind grace in all you
 do, Sir,
 Even paring of your pretty nails, or buckling of your shoe,
 Sir,

And when seated on a private seat, there leaving a deposit,
That business you may do in a patent water-closet.

Bow wow wow.

Then we have got true patent shot, with gunpowder and
gigs, Sir,

We've patent curls, and patent hair, and ladies patent wigs,
Sir;

There's patent paste will lather in haste, razors to please all
faces;

But the most pleasing of these pleasing things, are pretty
patent places.

Bow wow wow.

We've medicines by patent in ev'ry street now sold, Sir,
Which if you'd take you'd live as long as the patriarchs of
old, Sir;

But enemies to physic such blessings will be scoffing,
And die just to enjoy the sweets of a snug patent coffin.

Bow wow wow.

TO WELCOME MIRTH.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND and Miss LEAK in the Stranger.

WRITTEN BY J. GRUBB, ESQ.

TO welcome mirth and harmless glee,
We rambling minstrels blythe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile,
And wear a never fading smile;
Where'er we roam,
We find a home
And greeting, to reward our toil,

We sing of love, its hopes, its fears,
 Of perjur'd swains, and damsels tears,
 Of eyes that speak the heart's warm glow,
 And sighs that tell the bosom's woe.
 O'er hill and plain
 We breathe our strain,
 Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow.

No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
 Nor busy cares annoy the breast;
 Fearless we sink in soft repose,
 When night her sable mantle throws :
 With grateful lay,
 Hail rising day,
 That rosy health and peace bestows.

A. I. R.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the Same.

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 But it consumes my heart.
 This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be;
 So my soul's lord, the pangs I bear,
 Be never known by thee.

And when pale characters of death,
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek;—
 When my poor wasted, trembling breath,
 My life's last hope would speak;

I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me ;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

NELSON OF THE NILE.

WRITTEN BY J. RANNIE.

Composed by Mr. Ross.

LET peals of joy proclaim the day,
Britannia's flag triumphant flies ;
To valiant Nelson homage pay,
The scourge of England vanquish'd lies,
New fame from Gallia's tyrants torn,
To Britain's happy shore is borne,
In joyful song,
We'll then prolong,
Their praise who guard our isle :
To Duncan bow,
St. Vincent, Howe,
And Nelson of the Nile.

Let Britain's silver trumpets sound,
And British hearts their voices raise :
On foreign shores their joys resound,
For Egypt joins in Nelson's praise ;
O'er Southern climes extending far,
And distant to the Polar star !
Then still prolong, &c.

Still zealous in Britannia's cause,
Her glorious charter they maintain ;
While Neptune thunders loud applause,
And sea gods echo back the strain.

Let heroes such the seas command,
And loyal subjects guard the land;
And we'll prolong, &c.

Then bring the wreaths by beauty wove,
Around their hallow'd brows to twine,
Their recompence a nation's love,
Bequeath'd on glory's sacred shrine.
With honours great their toils repay,
While notes of triumph swell the lay.
And still prolong, &c.

In wisdom ripe, and valour bold,
To Britain still new fame they bring,
And find in fame's proud list enroll'd,
Their glorious names by Britain's King.
Who still while Britain rules the main,
Their rights and honours will maintain,
For, when they meet,
An adverse fleet—
The British flag unfurl'd;
Those heroes still,
Can give at will,
Defiance to the World.

TINK-A-TINK.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. and Mrs. BLAND, in
Blue-Beard.*

WRITTEN BY G. COLMAN.

Mr. Bannister.

YES, Beda—this Beda, when I melancholy grow,
This tinkling heart-sinking soon can drive away.

Mrs. Bland.]

When hearing sounds cheering, then we blythe and jolly
grow ;

How do you, while to you, Schacabac, I play ?

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink, the sweet guttar shall cheer you,

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink, so gaily let us sing.

Mr. Bannister.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—a pleasure 'tis to hear you,

While neatly, you sweetly, sweetly touch the string!

Both.

Tink, tinka, tinka, &c.

Mr. Bannister.

Once sighing, sick, dying, sorrow hanging over me,

Faint, weary, sad, dreary, on the ground I lay ;

There moaning, deep groaning, Beda did discover me,

Mrs. Bland.

Strains soothing, care smoothing, I began to play.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink, the sweet guttar could cheer you ;

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink, so gaily did I sing!

Mr. Bannister.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—a pleasure 'twas to hear you,

While neatly, you sweetly, sweetly touch'd the string.

Both.

Tink, tinka, tinka, &c.

HIS SPARKLING EYES.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the Same.

HIS sparkling eyes were dark as jet;
 Chica, Chica, Chica, Cho:
 Can I my comely Turk forget?
 Oh! Never, never, never, no!
 Did he not watch 'till night did fall,
 And sail in silence on the sea?
 Did he not climb our sea-girt wall,
 To talk so lovingly to me?
 O! his sparkling eyes, &c,

His lips were of the coral hue,
 His teeth of ivory so white;
 But he was hurried from my view,
 Who gave to me so much delight!
 And, why should tender lovers part!
 And why should fathers cruel be!
 Why bid me banish from my heart
 A heart so full of love for me!
 O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

FATIMA'S DREAM.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH in the Same.

WHILE, pensive, I thought on my love,
 The moon, on the mountain, was bright;
 And Philomel, down in the grove,
 Broke sweetly the silence of night.

O, I wish'd that the tear-drop would flow!
 But I felt too much anguish to weep;
 'Till, worn with the weight of my woe,
 I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleness of death seem'd to say—
 Alas! we must never meet more!

Yes, yes, my belov'd! we must part;
 The steel of my rival was true;
 The assassin has struck on that heart,
 Which beat with such fervour for you.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. in the Same.

A Fond husband will, after a conjugal strife,
 Kiss, forgive, weep, and fall on the neck of his wife.
 But Abomelique's wife other conduct may dread—
 When he falls on her neck, 'tis to cut off her head.

How many there are, when a wife plays the fool,
 Will argue the point with her, calmly and cool;
 The bashaw, who don't relish debates of this sort,
 Cuts the woman, as well as the argument, short.

But, whatever her errors, 'tis mighty unfair
 To cut off her head, just as if 'twere all hair;
 For, this truth is maintain'd by philosophers still,
 That the hair grows again, but the head never will.

And, among all the basest, sure he is most base,
 Who can view, then demolish, a woman's sweet face!
 Her smiles might the malice of devils disarm,
 And the devil take him who would offer her harm.

THE ROBBERS.

Sung by Mr. HELME at the Royal Circus.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

THE traveller on his weary way,
 By us beset, implores in vain,
 His eye-lids soon shut out the day,
 His pallid cheek ne'er blooms again;
 Beguiling gold, thy gilded power,
 Bids from the bosom pity fly;
 Arrests ambition's fleeting hour,
 And boldly bids the robber die;
 It makes the trembling coward bold,
 And gives to pride its cap and feather,
 By it the world is bought and sold;
 And by the ears we're set together,
 Sunny skies, or stormy weather,
 Gold so many rivals wooing,
 Some delighting, some undoing,
 Sets us by the ears together.

Next to gold, alluring love,
 Tortures the distracted brain,
 Varied torments bids us prove,
 Every pleasure, every pain;
 Love taught Hercules to spin,
 Jove to roll his wanton eye,
 The rigid monk 'gainst vows to sin,
 This rugged breast to heave a sigh,
 Love makes the trembling coward bold,
 And gives to pride its cap and feather,
 By it the world is bought and sold,
 And by the ears we're set together,
 Sunny skies or stormy weather,
 Love so many rivals wooing,
 Some delighting, some undoing,
 Sets us by the ears together.

THE GRAND ARMADA:

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE at Covent-Garden Theatre;

BRAVE Betty was a maiden queen,
 Bold and clever, bold and clever,
 King Philip then, a Spaniard keen,
 To court her did endeavour.
 Queen Bess she frown'd, and strok'd her ruff,
 And gave the Don a mighty huff;
 For which he swore her ears he'd cuff,
 All with his grand Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, de rol de rol,
 All with his grand Armada.

Says royal Bess—I'll vengeance take,
 Blessings on her, blessings on her;
 But first, I'll eat a nice beef-steak,
 All with my maids of honour.
 Then to her admirals she went,
 Drake, Effingham, and Howard, sent,
 That soon dish'd Philip's armament,
 And bang'd his grand Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Like lightning rocks, the French will fly,
 To us over, to us over,
 And Buonaparte, cries—Let's try
 To build a bridge to Dover.
 Balloons amongst the clouds may roll;
 And cross their bridge to take the toll,
 Our Trollope stands, a fighting soul,
 My jewels—all Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then bless the king, and bless the queen,
 Royal branch too, roval branch too,
 Let foes come on, it shall be seen,
 We're loyal, and we're staunch too :
 Or should Dutch, French, or Spaniard, prate;
 Our Howe, our Vincent, Duncan great,
 Will sweetly knock about their pate,
 Just like the fine Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

'TIS ALL A JEST.

Sung by Miss F. HOWELLS at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. FOX.

O H ! how I love to play and toy,
 With Willy on the green,
 Indeed he is a pretty boy,
 As ever sure was seen
 He oft in sport beside yon tree,
 Doth press me to his breast,
 And tells me I his wife shall be,
 But that is all a jest.

Last night at play, he talk'd such stuff,
 And this he said, 'tis true—
 Dear Polly, when I'm old enough,
 I vow I'll marry you.
 He's always speaking in my praise,
 And says he loves me best ;
 I'm sure to laugh at all he says,
 Because 'tis all a jest.

If 'tis my fate to have the lad,
How very droll 'twill be,
I'm sure I should be very glad,
For we should well agree ;
My toys I'll give to Jem and Sue,
If I should be so blest:
They say there's many words come true,
Though only spoke in jest.

YOU ONLY I LOVE.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

YOU ask me what sort of a maid I approve,
Few words will explain my desire,
Her face must be fair as the mother of Love,
Like her's are the charms I admire.
With a high down hey down high down a day,
Search around and around on a long summer's day,
And when one so fair and so lovely you find,
You'll certainly know the dear maid to my mind ;
And believe me, dear Sally, 'tis you and you only I love.

Bright beauty alone could not conquer my heart,
The maid to my mind must have more,
More charms to enslave than beauty's keen dart,
Her wit and good sense I adore.
With a high down, &c.

Not beauty, and wit, and good sense all combin'd,
Could fix me her servant for life,
But her temper so sweet, and manners so kind,
Are charms that I seek in a wife.
With a high down, &c.

THE LASS OF LOW DEGREE.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN in the Castle Spectre.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS.

HOW flow the lingering moments wear !
Ye hours, in pity speed your flight,
Till Cheviot hills so fresh and fair,
Again shall meet my longing sight !
Oh ! then what rapture 'twill afford,
Once more those scenes belov'd to see,
Where Percy's heart first told its Lord,
He loved the lass of low degree.

No sounding titles grac'd my name,
No bounteous kinsmen swell'd my dower ;
But Percy sought no high-born dame,
But Percy sought not wealth or power.
He sought a fond, a faithful heart,
He found the heart he sought in me ;
He saw her pure and free from art,
And loved the lass of low degree.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. &c. in the Same.

SLEEP you, or wake you, lady bright ?
Sing Megen-oh ! Oh ! Megen-Ee !
Now is the fittest time for flight,
Sing Megen-oh ! Oh ! Megen-Ee !
Know, from your tyrant father's power,
Beneath the window of your tower,
A boat now waits to set you free :
Sing Megen-oh ! Oh ! Megen-Ee !
Sing Megen-oh ! Oh ! Megen-Ee !

Though deep the stream, though high the wall,

Sing Megen-oh, &c.

The danger, trust me, love, is small :

Sing Megen-oh, &c.

To spring below then never dread ;

My arms to catch you shall be spread ;

And far from hence you soon shall be,

Sing Megen-oh, &c.

Fair Emma hush'd her heart's alarms :

Sing Megen-oh, &c.

She sprang into her lover's arms ;

Sing Megen-oh, &c.

Unhurt she fell ; then swift its way

The boat pursued without delay,

While Emma plac'd on Edgar's knee

Sang Megen-oh, &c.

THE WISH OF POOR JACK.

Sung by Mr. BURROWES at the Royalty Theatre.

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARKETT.

Tune—*Poor Jack.*

WITH timbers quite staunch, d'ye mind, I'm come
back,

Safe and sound, Sirs, from threshing Mynheer,

And though *Winter's* clouds appear'd devillish black ;

Dam'me, *Duncan* soon made him look queer.

For we soon broke the line, made the admiral strike,

And own us the lords of the main ;

And presently after eight more did the like,

Aye, and dam'me, shall do it again :

For to fight for old England was ever my pride,
 In her cause I will never be slack,
 For I know that kind Providence oft turns aside,
 The ball that is levell'd at Jack.

Now the battle is past, and all danger is o'er,
 With our prizes at anchor, we ride,
 And we've forc'd the Dutch lubbers who crowded the shore,
 To own we have lower'd their pride.
 Three admirals ta'en makes Mynheer hang his jib,
 And *Story's* at loss for a tale;
 For he finds now, too late, tho' he'd brag and look big,
 British courage is sure to prevail.
 Yes—to fight for the king and old England's our pride,
 For their cause we will never be slack,
 And long may our navy triumphantly ride
 O'er the main, is the wish of Poor Jack.

COME BUY MY WOODEN WARE.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. HAWKINS.

THY influence, Love, I needs must own,
 Has quite subdued my heart,
 I bow obedient to thy throne,
 And feel thy potent dart;
 For lovely Sue, with eyes so blue,
 Engrosses all my care,
 She trips so neat, and cries so sweet—
 Come buy my wooden ware.

Of Tunbridge goods she has great choice,
 And customers in store,
 And so enchanting is her voice,
 She gains them by the score.

For pretty Sue, with eyes so blue,
Is blooming, young and fair,
She trips so neat, and cries so sweet—
Come buy my wooden ware.

Cou'd I obtain her for a wife,
I'd envy not Peru,
But richer think myself for life,
Would she be kind and true.
For blythe and gay, as vernal May,
Is sure my charming fair,
She trips so neat, and cries so sweet—
Come buy my wooden ware.

MY WILLY WAS A SAILOR BOLD.

Sung by Mrs. HERBERT at the Royal Circus.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

MY Willy was a sailor bold,
He lov'd no other lass but me ;
To earn for Ann a store of gold,
My constant Willy went to sea ;
When on his trembling lip—Farewel,
Hung dew drop like, I rent my heart,
I felt my throbbing bosom swell,
And vow'd from Willy ne'er to part.

In jacket blue and trowsers neat,
Snow white, that play'd around my knee,
I join'd the ship in Willy's fleet,
Most dear to Ann, and went to sea ;
A storm came on, rude tempests blew,
A pirate's flag appall'd each heart,
We struck—they made him join their crew,
I scorn'd from Willy still to part.

He knows me not as his true love,
 But a kind messmate makes to me ;
 His truth, his constancy I prove,
 For I'm his constant theme at sea ;
 Link'd thus by love two minds unite,
 Conjoin'd, each boasts a faithful heart,
 I'll guard him in the raging fight,
 Nor e'en in death with Willy part.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNGSTER.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN in Reformed in Time.

WHEN I was a youngster, our women were prudent,
 Our spinsters demure, and our matrons sedate,
 In economy's school ev'ry wife was a student,
 And seldom contentions arose, or debate ;
 By her own chimney side, sat the good thrifty bride,
 At her rock, at her reel, at her books of the market,
 Then the family board real joys could afford,
 And pleas'd, the fond husband sat by to remark it.
 Then we laugh'd away, quaff'd away,
 Age threw his staff away,
 Health, ruddy health, on each countenance shone,
 Our girls of their beauty,
 Thought less than their duty,
 And fathers were certain those girls were their own.
 Your quality misses, how diff'rent we find them,
 If vice is the fashion, they'd all be profane ;
 And your quality wives not a whit are behind them ;
 No power can their profligate humours restrain
 From assemblies to balls, folly beckons and calls,
 Hark ! her summons, and see how they pant to obey it,
 While no longer uxorious, their husbands notorious,
 Gods ! it drives a plain man nearly mad to survey it.

Dash away, splash away,
 Squander their cash away,
 Visiting twenty score friends of a night,
 With their harps, pipes and tabors,
 Distracting their neighbours,
 Common sense stands confounded, and reason takes flight

SONG.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN in the Same.

SHE's a devil, a spitfire, a vixen, a minx,
 She was tipsey, I know it, I'm sure that she drinks,
 Else what could she see,
 In an author like me,
 I that never my thoughts upon paper could fling,
 Or bear to compose forty words in a string.

Now tell me, good folks, let me beg and beseech ye,
 Am I shap'd like a man into dozing to preach ye,
 With a sanctified face,
 With a solemn grimace,
 Do I look like a fellow to mount in a tub,
 Or rule at the head of a hypoerite's club.

A jade, against marriage she rail'd without ceasing,
 I felt my blood boiling, my passion encreasing;
 Of lights, of traditions,
 Of ghosts, apparitions,
 She rav'd, she abus'd me, as splenetic mad,
 She's a vixen, a brim—zounds! she's all that is bad.

WOMAN'S ONLY WISH.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

THAT women are weathercocks, grey breads advance;
 Who at ev'ry light breeze round the four quarters dance,
 To make stubborn old men own themselves in the wrong,
 May prove no easy task, but I can't stop my tongue.
 And he who attempts it, Jew, Christian or Turk,
 Will find that he ne'er had a harder day's work.
 So don't interrupt what I'm ready to say,
 And 'tis fifty to one that our sex win the day.
 Silly men, not to know, when we wheedle and tease,
 We have only one wish, that's to do what we please;
 'Tis this we contend for, 'tis this we implore,
 Grant us this, only this, and we ask for no more.

The needle is not found more true to the pole,
 Than each fair to this first and last wish of her soul;
 With that in possession, we yield up to man,
 All right to reign o'er us as much as he can;
 And what husband of sense, with his poor harmless wife,
 Would for such a small privilege e'er live in strife?
 For my part, indeed, I can answer for one,
 He should find he had far better let it alone.

Silly men, &c.

Well may the grave pates of old men bend with shame,
 Who thus, with base falsehoods, our weak sex defame:
 But husbands in future, regard my advice,
 Nor leave bliss unpurchas'd, so easy the price.
 I know what I say, and believe me your friend,
 On this will your total of pleasure depend:
 So what must be granted, grant with a good grace,
 And swallow your potion without a wry face.

Silly men, &c.

LITTLE BESS.

Sung by Miss LEAK at Drury-Lane Theatre.

WHEN first a babe upon the knee,
 My mother us'd to sing to me,
 I caught the accents from her tongue,
 And e'er I talk'd, I lisp'd in song,
 I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

In every village where I came,
 They call'd me by my infant name,
 And pensive as I rove along,
 This still's the burthen of my song,
 I'm little Bess the ballad singer.

Thro' woods and village scenes I stray,
 With plaintive suit and artless lay,
 And every passenger I meet,
 With lowly curtsey, thus I greet,
 I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

THESE WERE THE SCENES.

WRITTEN BY MR. RANNIE.

Composed by Mr. Ross.

AH! these were the scenes of my early delights,
 Where lonely in absence of Laura, I mourn,
 And tho' the gay season to pleasure invites,
 My heart feels no bliss till my charmer's return.
 Oh! tell me, sweet maid, while dejected I stray,
 Thro' scenes of past pleasure, the victim of care;
 What shepherd has power to prolong thy delay,
 What valley is blest with the smiles of my fair?

D

We prais'd the mild aspect of Night's lovely queen,
 When last they endear'd this soft landscape to me,
 And lean'd o'er the bank, while in beauty serene,
 The yellow beams fell on the blue waves of Dee.
 Together we heard, in this solemn retreat,
 The lone bird of twilight (and sweet was the lay),
 With heart melting cadence, in autumn, repeat,
 Her dirge of regret for the summer's decay.

But now the soft season of beauty returns,
 And the red-breast again pours her soul in the grove;
 The fall of pale autumn no longer she mourns,
 I only bewail the decline of thy love.
 Return, O, my charmer, while nature invites,
 And scenes of old pastimes their spirit retain,
 O, hasten my love, and partake those delights!
 Return to these flower blushing vallies again.

THE LITTLE SINGING GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

I'M turn'd of twenty, and a maid,
 Indeed, kind Sirs, believe it true;
 And yet I some how am afraid,
 Must still unmarried live for you.
 O, will no one take me for life?
 'Tis very hard, I needs must tell,
 Indeed, I'll make a loving wife,
 Though but a little singing girl.
 A little merry singing girl.

'Tis true I wander here and there,
 Just like a mendicant, for bread;
 But, gentle Sirs, reviling spare,
 Nor cast suspicion on my head.

My virtue is without a stain,
 Nor will I e'er that jewel sell,
 Ah, no, it spotless shall remain,
 Though but a little singing girl.
 A little merry singing girl.

But come, I want a husband too,
 And one I will have, soon or late;
 So bachelors I aim at you,
 Who'll venture in the marriage state.
 Come, who bids up for me for life,
 Nay, don't be doubting, 'tis not well;
 Indeed, I'll make a loving wife,
 Though but a little singing girl.
 A little merry singing girl.

DEAR, PRETTY ELEANOR.

Sung by Mr. DUBOIS at Sadler's Wells.

ON last May day, in the morning,
 'Twas first I saluted this maiden,
 I thought she was all my own,
 And, ads nigs! how I long'd for the wedding;
 I dream'd of her all the day—
 At night I never forgot her,
 And whether I whistled or sung,
 It was all about Oliver's daughter;
 Ods niggers! how I do love Eleanor!
 Plague upon Oliver's Eleanor!
 Beautiful, hard-hearted Eleanor!
 Dear, pretty, cruel, cross Eleanor!

I can talk of nothing but she,
 To be sure, she's handsome and proper,
 I eat no dinner at noon,
 And at night never think of my supper;

I sigh, and look in her face,
 She fleers, and calls me a ninny,
 I would not lose her for a crown,
 But she would not have me for a guinea :
 Ods niggers, &c.

I try to please her in vain,
 Wherever I happen to meet her,
 She smiles upon soldier Lopen,
 And frowns upon peaceable Peter ;
 But I'll be a soldier too,
 If that's the way to win her,
 I'll attack her with sabre in hand,
 And she's mine, or the devil is in her :
 Ods niggers, &c.

THE OLD MAN OF EIGHTY.

Sung by Master BRYSON at Astley's Amphitheatre,

YOUR young ones may boast,
 About ruling the roast,
 And with bragging eternally bait you ;
 But I'll lay ten to one,
 Nine in ten are outdone,
 By a queer looking old man of eighty.

Once, how I could dance,
 Like a Vestris from France,
 And the girls thought my consequence weighty ;
 And faith, Sirs, I vow,
 They ogle me now,
 And smile at the old man of eighty.

In a brimming hob nob,
 I bear a good bob,
 And drink till no longer I prate ye,
 And so cunning am I,
 When I can't stand, I lye—
 Pretty well for an old man of eighty.

I've fought like a Turk,
 And made pretty work,
 Not a word of a lie I relate t'ye;
 And now in a fray,
 I hobble away,
 Like a sensible old man of eighty.

Though in square shoes I go,
 I'd have you all know,
 If one single smile I create you,
 Young again I shall feel,
 And brisk as an eel,
 Though a tottering old man of eighty.

AND A' FOR LOVE OF ME.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

LAST Midsummer morning I gang'd to the fair,
 For Sandy and Jockey, I ken'd, wad be there,
 Twa bra' bonny lads, and I guess well enow,
 I might have them baith, could a maiden have two.
 I cou'd na' say which was the fairest to sight,
 Sandy's cheek was so red, Jockey's blink was sa' bright;
 Gang o'er the braes to Aberdeen,
 Where a' the gay delights are seen,
 You'll ne'er sic lovers see;
 They dance so gay, they pipe, they sing,
 Wi' sweetest notes the vallies ring,
 And a' for love of me.

Wi' garlands of flowers and ribbands sa' gay,
 Young Sandy and Jockey their homage wad pay,
 Sa' woo'd, and sa' sued, tell me what cou'd I do,
 I wad na' take one, and munna take two.
 I wad na' take one, thinking t'other might dee,
 Sa' I vow'd to the lads to be single and free.
 Gang o'er the braes, &c.

Though equal I thought them in beauty and grace,
 Soon the charms of young Jockey to Sandy gave place ;
 For Jockey contented, resign'd all my charms,
 And is happy and easy in fair Nelly's arms ;
 But Sandy ne'er left me until I complied—
 He's the handsomest youth, I the happiest bride.
 Gang o'er the braes, &c.

THE CABIN BOY.

Sung by Master SINCOCK at the Royal Circus.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

FROM dad and mam's society,
 Whose worth I dare maintain,
 I've brav'd the wind's variety,
 Upon the dangerous main ;
 Quite young, I'm drove about the ship,
 Though I my time employ,
 In trolling a glee, or quaffing my flip,
 And I swear, and tear, and smoke, and joke,
 And hand, reef and steer, like an old heart of oak,
 Although but a cabin boy.

I've a pretty lass, as young as I,
 For whose sweet sake I roam,
 Resolv'd right manfully to try
 To bear her riches home ;

While up I mount the top, or yard,
 And cannons loud annoy,
 The whizzing shot I ne'er regard,
 But swear, and tear, and smoke, and joke,
 And stand to my gun, like an old heart of oak,
 Although but a cabin boy.

Should this news reach home, (to shock her),
 That, alack ! I'm lost at sea,
 Why sure in Davy's locker,
 There's room enough for me :
 But if successful little Ben,
 Steers homeward to his joy,
 With a cargo of shiners, messmate, then,
 I'll drink, and sing, and smoke, and joke,
 And stick to my Sall, like an old heart of oak,
 Although but a cabin boy.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

A LOYAL IRISH SONG.

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
 We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame,
 We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
 And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws;
 We'll fight for our country, our king, and his crown,
 And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose,
 To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes;
 They murder poor parsons, and likewise their wives—
 At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives;
 Whenever we march, through country or town,
 In ditches and cellars, the croppies lie down.

United in blood, to their country's disgrace;
 They secretly shoot those they dare not to face;
 But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
 A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield;
 The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
 For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war, so unmanly they wage,
 On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd rage;
 We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
 They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our arms:
 On love in a soldier, no maiden will frown,
 But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt, by force, or by guile,
 Her forces to land on old Erin's sweet isle,
 We'll shew that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
 They shall only possess our green fields for their graves:
 Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,
 Whilst with their French brothers the croppies lie down,

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
 And peace with her blessings, revisit our shore;
 When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
 With pride will our families welcome us home.
 They'll drink in full bumpers, past troubles to drown,
 A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

BUY MY DAFFODILLIES.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

TWAS in the blooming month of May,
 When flowers sweet were blowing,
 That fair Nanbette came in my way,
 And set my heart a glowing;

Across her arm a basket hung,
 And while I gaz'd upon her,
 'Twas thus the artless beauty sung—
 'Tis poor Nannette, your honour.
 I sell, kind Sir, my daffodils,
 Come buy my daffodillies.

Soon from the rest I cull'd out one,
 And paid her for the flower;
 But little thought my heart was gone,
 To Nannette from that hour.
 For scarce she left, when strange to tell,
 A new sensation seiz'd me;
 While she trudg'd on her goods to sell,
 And thus the gypsey teiz'd me—
 I sell, kind Sir, my daffodils,
 Come buy my daffodillies.

In vain I lur'd her to my arms,
 And made each tempting offer,
 Nannette would never sell her charms,
 And scorn'd each golden proffer.
 At length I made this nymph my bride,
 And now we are united;
 I bless the day when first she cried—
 (Which ev'ry ear delighted)
 I sell, kind Sir, my daffodils,
 Come buy my daffodillies.

S O N G.

WRITTEN BY JOHN SMITH, ESQ.

QUITE mild and serene was the air,
 The lambkins were skipping around,
 The morn was delightfully fair,
 And flow'rets bespangled the ground.

When from her neat cot in the grove,
 Young Phillis I happen'd to spy;
 I view'd her with raptures of love,
 And gazing, stood motionless by.

Her form is most truly divine,
 Her cheeks may with roses compare;
 How dim would the diamond shine,
 Compar'd to the eyes of my fair.

Too sure I now find to my cost,
 She has won the content of my mind—
 My freedom, I find I have lost,
 And have only to hope she'll be kind.

SWEET THE SOUTHERN BREEZE.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR in the Raft.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

SWEET the southern breeze was blowing,
 When to meet my love I flew,
 Features smiling, bosom glowing,
 Nought but happiness in view;
 My eyes of joy then drank their fill,
 While wooing tinkled the glassy rill.

The voice of love, like morning cheering,
 Wakes creation to delight,
 Noon-tide zephyrs, 'tis endearing,
 Silver sweet it sounds at night;
 Who'd not of love then drink their fill,
 While wooing tinkles the glassy rill.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Mr. TOWNSEND in the Same.

NOW proud vaunting Gaul, full of vapour and boast,
 Inflated, determines to give the world laws,
 With heart and with hand, to protect Britain's coast,
 We march on to conquer, or die in her cause.
 Volunteer it to glory with true patriot fire,
 And this is the watch-word our corps shall inspire—
 "Britons strike home, revenge your country's wrongs."

Invasion may threaten, 'mid hostile alarms,
 Bellona, destruction waft o'er with her breath,
 The trumpet that summons Britannia to arms,
 Is the herald of conquest, of glory or death;
 Their tri-colour'd flag, vain they strive to advance,
 Arm to arm, and we'll scatter the legions of France,
 "For every Briton's song shall be,
 "Oh! give me death or liberty."

The bright page of truth, Britain's glories proclaim,
 The worth of our forefathers valour inspires,
 Like them let us on to the summit of fame,
 And prove our veins worthy the blood of our sires;
 On shore, as at sea, daring ardour display,
 Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, have taught us the way.
 "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 "Britons never will be slaves.

THE FEMALE DRUMMER.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR in the Same.

A British soldier is my dad,
 The couch of ease disdaining,
 And I, a true born British lad,
 Like him, live by campaigning;

Dad makes the enemy retreat,
 His son and heir, I've fame in view,
 He ne'er was conquer'd, I ne'er beat :
 For when alarms,
 Loud call to arms,
 I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

 Like dad, from love I never fly,
 Its joys are so inviting,
 He loves old England, so do I,
 And glory take delight in.
 A hero's name, old dad enjoys,
 His son and heir, I've fame in view,
 And in the battle make some noise ;
 For when alarms.
 Loud call to arms,
 I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

I'M AN IRISHMAN BORN.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in the Same.

I'M an Irishman born, and as pretty a youth,
 As ever bawl'd whack, or the sweet Gramachree,
 In a drop of the creature I always found truth,
 And a drop of the creature's the true drop for me.
 Whatever you think,
 Then drink, honey, drink,
 In our cups, though we quarrel, we always agree.

 In a hard gale of wind, when our canvas goes crack,
 And the masts, just like carrois, are snapp'd short in two;
 And troubles, would swell out an ould pedlar's pack,
 Are approaching to swamp us, why, what should we do?
 Arrah ! what do you think ?
 Why drink, honey, drink,
 And blind to all danger, we have none in view.

Friends and friendship the bottle most sweetly approve,
 It ne'er bids the eye of misfortune go weep;
 To be sure, and it a'nt a sweet consort to love,
 And floats the fond heart like a ship in the deep;
 Then joy, never think,
 But drink, honey, drink,
 'Till ill-humour's dead drunk, and suspicion asleep.

BEN BOWSPRIT.

Sung by Mr. DAVIS at Sadler's Wells.

BEN Bowsprit's the lad that's the theme of my song,
 A bold fellow, that ne'er valued danger,
 He had oftentimes fought in his country's cause,
 And to fear he was ever a stranger;
 But it happen'd that somehow he chanc'd to get foul
 Of a publican's widow so topping,
 The courtship was short, and soon Ben he got splic'd,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 And he came to an anchor at Wapping.

Now Ben found himself situated quite snug,
 For his matters he manag'd so rightly,
 He had got a neat house, with a plentiful trade,
 And a wife thas was buxom and sprightly;
 And his shipmates who valued Ben dear as their lives,
 When they'd liberty, often would pop in,
 With a bowl of good grog they'd enjoy their old mate,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 And so merrily Ben liv'd at Wapping.

There's a proverb that says—All things have but a time,
 And there's ups and there's downs in a nation,
 So it was with poor Ben, for the joys I've describ'd,
 Were not of a lasting duration;

E

For spending an evening amongst some old friends;
 And coming home merry and hopping,
 He was met by a gang very near his own door,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 And Ben Bowsprit they hauled from Wapping.

He was dragg'd to the tender, where short was his stay,
 For drafted on board of the Russel,
 He sail'd with brave Duncan in search of the Dutch,
 Who you know had a glorious hustle :
 There Ben had a leg taken off by a shot,
 And while that the stump was a lopping,
 With courage undaunted, he humm'd out a song,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 And he sung of his pleasures at Wapping.

Now Ben by good luck, got his stump splic'd with wood,
 And came home, like a cork, so light-hearted ;
 But when he arriv'd, how vexatious to find
 His wife with a spark had deserted :
 Then Ben, to be sure, gave a broadside of oaths,
 You'd a thought he would never be stopping,
 But now pass'd the board, he's at Greenwich quite snug,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 And forgets his misfortunes at Wapping.

LOVE'S TELEGRAPH.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY W. C. OULTON.

TO Chloe the maid of my heart,
 More fair, but less squeamish than Daph,
 My wish, in my song I impart,
 For music is Love's Telegraph.

In vain doth the guardian bear sway,
 At all his confinement we laugh,
 Through windows our strains we convey,
 For music is Love's Telegraph.

Let Chloe be e'er so remote,
 The breeze that disperses the chaff,
 Will bring to her ear the soft note,
 For music is Love's Telegraph.

And, oh! when my Chloe I wed,
 When Chloe shall be my best half,
 In ballads our joy shall be spread,
 For music is Love's Telegraph.

IN THE MORNING.

Sung by Miss GRAY in Ramah Droog.

IN the morning e'er 'twas late,
 While soft music playing,
 Noonda stole to Hafez' gate,
 To soft musicsaying,
 Fal-de-ral, playing;
 Awake, behold yon arbour green,
 'Midst blushing roses, where are seen,
 The infant sun-beams playing;
 They other blushes bring to view,
 Blushes which arise for you.
 Fal-de-ral—still was Noonda playing.

No Hafez yet she sees appear;
 She chides his long delaying;
 In vain she bends the list'ning ear,
 Under the window staying,
 Fal-de-ral, playing:

Slothful lover, if you knew,
The name of her who sighs for you,
Your secret sighs repaying ;
But whether Hafez wak'd or not,
The poet owns he has forgot,
Fal-de-rai—and leaves poor Noonda playing.

MARGERY GRINDER.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in the Same.

WHEN I was a mighty smart boy,
Young Margery came to our town, Sir,
Oh ! how I was bother'd with joy,
Like a kitten I frisk'd up and down, Sir;
Calling her my sweet pearl, and following after behind her,
For her black eyes, no girl could match my sweet Margery
Grinder.

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work, eat, or sleep, could poor Barney,
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and after some blarney,
Give me advice, says she, no friend than you can be kinder,
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on Margery
Grinder.

What devil has got in the place ?
The folks are all mad, cries my mother ;
There's Captain Dermot Macsheatan,
And that deaf lawyer Patrick, his brother ;
Thady the purblind beau, and old O'Donavan blinder ;
They're dancing, or hobbling all, after pert little Margery
Grinder.

This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
 For grave was the Father, though frisky,
 Mrs. Liffey, says he, take my word,
 But he first took a noggin of whiskey,
 Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he can find
 her;
 So by his advice I was married next day, to sweet Margery
 Grinder.

OLD RAMCHOONDRA.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN in the Same.

AN old maid had a roguish eye,
 She was call'd the great Ramchoondra,
 She was rich—and poor was I.

Fal-lal-de-ral, &c.

When we married, she had fears
 She soon should die, and shed some tears;
 But the tough old lass liv'd thirty years,
 Did my wife old Ramchoondra.

Fal-de-ral, &c.

Whene'er a pretty girl was nigh.
 Then this plaguy old Ramchoondra,
 Watch'd me with a jealous eye.

Fal-lal-de-ral, &c.

She had but one eye, it's true;
 But that was large enough for two;
 And it glanc'd upon me all askew,
 Did the eye of old Ramchoondra.

Fal-de-ral, &c.

At last my old Ramchoondra died ;
 Then I call'd her dear Ramchoondra ;
 With decent grief I sobb'd and sigh'd.
 Fal-lal-de-ral, &c.

For several hours I sobb'd, till chance
 Popp'd in my head a favorite dance,
 The jig awak'd me from my trance :
 So adieu to old Ramchoondra.
 Fal-de-ral, &c.

HAPPY WERE THE DAYS.

Sung by Miss WATERS in the Same.

HAPPY were the days from infancy advancing,
 When by a parent's fost'ring power,
 My youthful mind its energies enhancing,
 Wak'd to new bliss, expanding every hour.
 To the East, when the sun, light and life was bringing,
 Or when the western world his rising glories saw,
 To the lute's dulcet sound still was Zelma singing,
 The song of joy—Dilkusha.

Thus the opening rose-bud the nightingale was wooing,
 The cruel storm arose—the bolt his bosom tore.
 Ah, hapless flower ! the same fate are we rueing,
 Thy guardian's lost ! my father is no more !
 To the East, though the sun light and life be bringing,
 Alas ! the day, that e'er his light I saw ;
 To the lute's dulcet sound when shall Zelma singing,
 Again the song of joy—sing Dilkusha.

THE TAYLOR.

Sung by Mr. WALLACK at the Royalty Theatre.

WRITTEN BY C. F. BARRETT.

I Am a taylor gay,
 As ever wore a thimble,
 Through life I work away,
 My fingers always nimble.
 Though thread-bare oft my wit,
 The lasses sly I wheedle;
 I cut out jokes can fit,
 As sharp as any needle.
 La-ral-la, &c.

A pattern of good cheer,
 When cross-legg'd at my labour,
 I line myself with beer,
 That's cabbag'd from my neighbour;
 What though yon bucks so spruce,
 Do often make a racket,
 Yet Snip can give them goose,
 Can baste and trim their jacket.
 La-ral-la, &c.

My speeches are fine drawn,
 When to the ladies speaking;
 Lord! how I smile and fawn,
 When suits of love I'm making.
 Though I'm not worth a groat,
 Some heiress must espouse me,
 For I cut out my coat,
 Just as my cloth allows me.
 La-ral-la, &c.

Good customers believe,
 To please you I'll endeavour,
 May I ne'er stitch a sleeve,
 If turncoat I'll be ever :
 Though broad cloth are my jokes,
 I've superfine for ladies ;
 Approve them then good folks,
 And gratitude my trade is,
 La-ral-la, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER in the Captive of Spilburg.

I'VE lov'd so many a maiden fair,
 Of names that so much vary,
 I scarcely know which caus'd my care,
 Or Fanny, Bess, or Mary ;
 But happy I ! for not a thing,
 Can meet me so contrary,
 That will not make me think and sing,
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
 With a heigho ! heigho !

I always was, from boy to man,
 Well pleas'd to toy with any—
 Now if a lady slap her fan,
 Why—strait I think on Fanny—
 Dear Fanny I remember yet,
 No lass so smart and pretty—
 But if you offer me a bet,
 Why, then I think on Betty.
 With a heigho ! heigho !

Then Betty she is all my theme,
 So round, so plump, and jolly ;
 But if I hear a parrot scream—
 It makes me think on Polly.
 Thus happy I! while scarce a thing,
 Can meet me so contrary
 That will not make me think and sing
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
 With a heigho! heigho!

A FAVOURITE DUET.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. and Mrs. BLAND in the
 Same.*

She. **W**HEN you and I, Love, married are,
 And hearts and hands entwine ;

He. Oh! how we'll make the neighbours stare,
 So smart, so gay, so fine.

She. When song and carol sweetly sound,
 We'll bear away the bell :

He. And when we dance a merry round,
 There's none shall dance so well.

Both. When you and I, Love, &c.

She. The lads are always teasing me,
 And strive my heart to win ;

He. Let other girls their sweethearts be,
 And thine be Kourakin.

She. The lasses all, whene'er you call,
 Look round with smiling een ;

He. But marry they with whom they may,
 Moulina shall be mine.

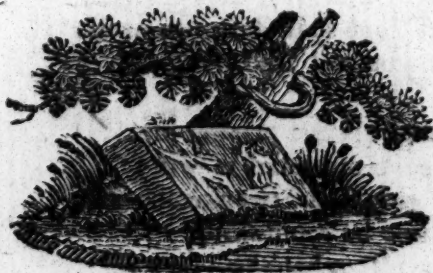
Beth. When you and I, Love, &c.

WILLOW, WILLOW.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the Same.

WHEN the shepherds ask my hand, Sir,
 Little heed I of their pain ;
 With a curtsey I make answer—
 Thank'ye, Sir, but call again—
 For I have vow'd to wear the willow,
 Willow, willow ;
 Thank'ye, Sir, I'll wear the willow,
 Willow, willow.

But when feigning's o'er, believe me,
 Hand and heart I'll give my swain ;
 And, if false, he shou'd deceive me,
 Try my fortune o'er again :
 I have no heart to wear the willow,
 Willow, willow ;
 Thank'ye, Sir, I'll wear no willow,
 Willow, willow.



T O A S T S.

MAY the British navy always keep their enemies at a distance.

May presumptuous invaders always meet with a WARREN to chastise them.

May we never want a NELSON, to show the French, we can beat them with *one hand*.

May the ladies' WIGS be always an emblem of the *fairness* of their hearts.

Success to our arms by sea and land.

Prosperity to our country, confusion to our enemies, and long life to the king.

Here's England and Ireland in a *body*, with Majesty for the *head*, and our brave sailors and soldiers for the *arms*.

May love and honour be inseperable.

May we meet with kind friends when we want them, and when we have found them, may we be grateful enough to keep them.

May every WHIM of the English Fair, be an example of taste and not caprice.

Fortune's smiles to all who are cast down with her frowns.

May merit never be forced to beg for reward.

Joyful days to all those who have experienced sad ones.

The RARE admirals!—Nelson, Jervis, Duncan, Howe and Warren.

May *Pat Brogue* and *John Bull* be always hand and glove.

May our pleasures in the evening never encur pain in the morning.

May *Lovers' Vows* never end in *Lovers' Quarrels*.

May rebellion never hold up his head but at the gallows.

A speedy peace for the sake of plenty.

May we never want a bottle to convince us that *Wine* does Wonders.

May the *Botheration* of the present war never be like the Siege of old Troy a *Ten years Blunder*.

May *How to grow Rich* be soon performed by his MAJESTY'S SERVANTS for England's benefit.

May poor *Teague* soon eat his *potatoe* in peace and quietness.

May good hearts never want *sweethearts*.

May all hands pull away for the haven of contentment.

May we never crack a joke to crack a reputation.

Wit without malice and mirth without folly.

May old friends never be forgotten for new ones,

May *Treason* lose the first letter, and *Reason* resume her throne.

May we never want heads to plan, hearts to feel, and hands to execute.

The three L's, Liberty, Love and Liquor.

May those who find the *Way to get Married*, find *A Cure for the Heartache*.

THE END.



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